



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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CLERGYMEN'S CHILDREN.

Oliver Wendell Holmes advises a young man seeking success to select, in the first place, a sturdy father and grandfather. "But," says a writer he might have added, "don't choose a clergyman for father, if you wish to avoid bitter criticism for youthful frailties." The writer has wondered already why parishioners so severely condemn their pastor's children for acts condoned when done by their own darling progeny. Do they forget that experience is acquired, not inherited? The popular prejudice concerning the degeneracy of ministers' children should be shattered and sunk by a broadside from the man-of-war—Fact. To contribute to this end we have loaded our howitzer with grape-shot from the magazine of truth.

The orator, statesman and patriot, Henry Clay, was the son of a Baptist minister. President Cleveland and President Arthur were both sons of clergymen. Allen G. Thurman, is the son of a Methodist minister. President Harrison, is the son-in-law of a Presbyterian clergyman. Vice-President Morton, is the son of a Congregational clergyman. C. S. Brice, Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, and Senator M. S. Quay, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, are sons of Presbyterian clergymen.

Turning to the bright pages of English and American literature, what illustrious sons of clergymen we find! The late Matthew Arnold, the apostle of "sweetness and light," the only man who ever

became a classic while living, and George Eliot, the unsurpassed delineator of the growth of character, were respectively son

and daughter of English clergymen. Charles Kingsley, poet and historical novelist, was the son of Rev. Dr. Kingsley.

Goldsmith, dramatist, poet, historian and novelist, the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Deserted Village,"

was the genial son of a clergyman. Coleridge, poet, philosopher, critic and theologian, was the youngest son of the Rev. John Coleridge. The author of "Jane Eyre," was the daughter of the Rev. Patrick Bronte.

We adduce four American writers, each the pre-eminent representative of an honored class:

Oliver W. Holmes, the generous and genial poet, that happy union of pathos and sunshine, of wit and wisdom, is the son of Rev. Abiel Holmes. James R. Lowell, the poet and scholarly critic, is the son of the Rev. Charles Lowell. One of the many famous children of the Rev. Lyman Beecher is the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in more than one respect the greatest novel of the present century. That eminent philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, was the son of the Rev. William Emerson. Holmes, Lowell, Stowe and Emerson! Names that are household words, bright ornaments in a young nation's casket of jewels.

Finally, note the brilliant galaxy in the religious world. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, one of the grandest men of God in Great Britain, is the son and grandson of clergymen. Henry Ward Beecher, the most prominent American divine of the present century, was the son of a clergyman, and brother of four other clergymen. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and Charles,



"The pearly shell that murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea."

singer of hymns, were the sons of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Calvin's father was concerned with church work, holding the office of epistolary notary, and, we may presume, had the custom and the Pope allowed, Luther would have selected a clergyman as father instead of a peasant.

The men of what trade or profession have bequeathed to the English-speaking people a richer heritage than the clergyman? What list of sons can compare with the above fragmentary collection? And only He who keeps the Book of Life knows the thousands of clergyman's children "to fortune and to fame unknown," who have fulfilled their Heavenly Father's will by giving heed to the instruction of a father on earth.

Surely, the God of David never forsakes the righteous nor allows his seed to go begging.

SOMETHING ABOUT TWO GIRLS.

Let me tell what two girls have accomplished through the saving influence of the Sunday-school. About twenty years ago I found a poor family consisting of father, mother, and two little girls, one five years old and the other seven. The father was a cripple and not a Christian man, but rather opposed to Christianity. The mother, being a Christian, consented to let the girls go to Sunday-school, "if she could fix them up decently."

I shall never forget the little pink dresses and sun-bonnets they wore, so neat and tidy that we did not mind their bare feet. The father laughed at them and called them "proud," but they continued going to Sunday-school just the same. Finally the girls were to have a concert in which the little girls were to take a part, and though the father had never been known to go to church or Sunday-school he was persuaded to attend the Sunday-school concert to hear the little girls "speak their pieces." He was very proud of them and said, "If that's what the Sunday-school does for children they can have mine every time."

Years passed on; the little girls became young misses, indolgent, parasitic, saw the necessity of having better opportunities. So they moved to the city, and by strict economy these little girls were given a course in the State Normal School. Last Sunday I had the great pleasure of meeting them in their home and going with the whole family to church and Sunday-school. The oldest daughter is a popular teacher in the high school, and has a class of young ladies in the Sunday-school, is president of the Young Men's Society, and active in all church and Sunday-school work. The younger daughter is superintendent of a large factory, and has charge of a hundred and sixty girls and boys in the great institution. She is also librarian in the Sunday-school, full of missionary work, and leads the young people's meeting. Both belong to the Society of Christian Endeavor, and both sing in the choir.

But this is not all. By the strict frugality of their early training they have bought a neat, pleasant home in that beautiful city, with by instrument and voice they fill with song and sunshine, making happy an invalid mother and crippled father, whose greatest pride and pleasure is to take these daughters with horse and carriage to and from school and shop each morning and evening and go with them to take a Sunday-school every Sunday. After returning from service last Sunday, while seated at the hospitable table, I took occasion to refer to the little "pink dresses and sun-bonnets" of twenty years ago in the little country Sunday-school, and turning to the father, said, "You must give them credit for all your pleasant surroundings."

"Yes," he said, "it's done a big thing for us." "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good."—Selected.

HE HAD LOW WAGES.

The following incident occurred at Bridgewater, N. Y. A young man was asked to attend a temperance meeting on a Sabbath evening, and his reply was: "My clothes are not good enough to attend church. My wages have been small this year, and I must have them raised another year, or I shan't work for my present employer."

"How much are you receiving this year?"

"King on a farm."

"Yes; and I get two hundred dollars for nine months, and my board."

"When is your time out?"

"It will be out in two weeks."

"How much money will you have coming to you then?"

"Not anything. I have drawn more than my pay now."

"How much of the two hundred dollars have you spent for clothing?"

"Not quite forty dollars."

"Have you any beside yourself to support or care for?"

"No, sir; I am for myself."

"What has become of the one hundred and thirty dollars?"

"W-o-l-l-I've spent it."

"Oh, you have. Did you put it out at interest? You don't seem to have any great desire to tell where it did go, do you? Well, let me tell you. In June you drew twenty dollars and went up to Ohio to a circus. You got drunk and gambled, lost all you had, got into a fight, got whipped, put into the lockup (the man who gets whipped is always the one who gets locked up) and in the morning the recorder fined you ten dollars. Is this true?"

"Yes, sir; but how did you find it out?"

"That don't matter. It seems they did not leave you anything. When the races were at Union you drew twenty dollars more, and went there. You drank freely; you were just full enough to be on the slow horse, and lost all you had. You had another fight, and, at usual, received a sound thrashing; were taken before the recorder, and for a second offense paid twenty-five dollars fine. You did not even profit from this transaction. You went to a hop dance; whiskey was plenty, and you partook freely. You imagined some one insulted you, and the result was a general row. This cost you twenty-five dollars more, besides the cost of court and the paying of your lawyer. I should think you would want your wages raised."

"I can see it all. What a fool I am!"

"Why, I have worked five years for my present employer, and have not laid up a cent. I have worn poor clothes; have found fault because my pay was small. If it had not been for drink, I should now have five hundred dollars at interest, should be well dressed, and respected by honest people. I will not be the meeting just as I am, and sign the pledge for life."

He took his horse. He took his pledge that night. He has been true to it, and is now one of the leading men of Oneida County.

Young man, can you see yourself in this picture? You can, you need the truth, and be made better by correcting your mistaken way of living.—The Reckless.

SOMETIME.

Sometimes, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars for evermore have set,

The things which our weak judgments here have spun,

The things or which we grieved with lashes we,

Will find before us, out of life's dark night,

As stars shine most in deeper times of blue,

And we shall see how all God's plans were right,

And how that seemed reproach was love most true.

But not to-day. There be content, poor heart!

God's plans are pure and white and true,

We must not turn the close-shut leaves apart,

Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,

And all, through patient toil, we reach the land,

Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,

Where we shall clearly know and understand,

I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

—Mrs. May Riley Smith.

SABBATH SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

A large attendance at Sunday-school is inspiring. There is enthusiasm in numbers.

A small attendance at Sunday-school is, however, a demand for closer personal work with the individual, bringing its opportunity of results from such endeavor beyond all that can be hoped for in the larger gathering.

The summer months in city Sunday-schools show an attendance that fails to provoke enthusiasm but that ought not to fail of improved opportunities in impressing individual scholars for their permanent spiritual good.

What a mistake is made by a teacher who dismisses his Sunday-school class for the

season, on the ground that only one or two scholars can then be present for the benefit of his loving instruction and influence!

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON 11.—OCTOBER 6.

THE TRIBES UNITED UNDER DAVID.—2 Sam. 5:1-9.

COMMENT VERSES 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Ps. 133:1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's thy God's, and Thine."

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 5:1-10. W. 2 Sam. 5:1-10. Th. 2 Sam. 5:1-10. Sa. 2 Sam. 5:1-10. Su. 2 Sam. 5:1-10.

DAVID BECOMES KING OF JUDAH.

Immediately after Saul's death, his capital was at Hebron. The other tribes were led by Abner, the late king's commander-in-chief, to place upon the throne Saul's remaining son, Ishbosheth. He was a young man, the son of David, born in Gath, about seven years before David's flight into the wilderness. For five years Abner, the commander of the army, had been governing the country; then Ishbosheth reigned two years. Saul's death was a mild civil war. At length Abner revolted to David, and Ishbosheth was murdered.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. All the tribes, 200 men and 1,200 chiefs (1 Chron. 12:23-40), a national assembly with their chiefs. 2. Saying: they gave their reasons (1 Chron. 12:23-40). 3. They were of the tribe of Judah, etc. 4. The Lord said: divine help, and, at usual, received a sound thrashing; were taken before the recorder, and for a second offense paid twenty-five dollars fine. 5. Made a league before the Lord; king and people entered into a solemn covenant with God. 6. He was born in Gath, a Philistine city, on the borders of two tribes and chiefly within Benjamin, the smallest tribe, and therefore least likely to be chosen king. 7. As a military leader he was unrivaled, being surrounded on three sides by deep valleys. 8. David was selected to divide the kingdom (1 Kings 11:35). The Jebusites, one of the Canaanite tribes, had held the city of Jerusalem, and he had to fight the city below. 9. Except thou take away this evil: better than shall not come thither, but the mind and the same shall keep thee off. They felt that their king was a Philistine, and that the Philistines soldiers could defend it. 10. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 11. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 12. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 13. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 14. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 15. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 16. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 17. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 18. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 19. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 20. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 21. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 22. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 23. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 24. He was a man of war, and he was a man of war. 25. 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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A PRECIOUS TORMENT.

BY MRS. E. M. DUMAS.

We live in a lonely country place
Some ten rods from the road;
We seldom see a team go by
Except some farmer's load;
We should die of sheer stagnation,
For the want of stir and noise,
Were it not for one thing—we possess
The noisiest of boys.

He asks brain-rending questions
Till my patience near gives out;
He wakes the forest echoes
With his healthy boyish shout:
He squeezes little chickens
"Cause he likes to hear 'em sing,"
And ties the puppy's head and feet
Together with a string.

His picture cards he tears and cuts,
Drops crumbs upon the floor,
And just for very mischief, shuts
The cat's tail in the door.
He pulls the puppy's ears because
He likes to hear him squeal;
But in spite of mischief, puppy's always
Tagging at his heel.

One day I heard a frightful noise;
A setting hen's fierce squalls,
And a boy's voice shouting lustily,
Within the hen-house walls.
I hurried swiftly to the scene,
But there I only found
The hen in undisputed, proud
Possession of the ground.

Three eggs lay broken on the ground;
"The boy, oh, where was he?"
Ask of the pollywogs and frogs
In the little muddy sea,
Where I found him wading to and fro,
All splattered o'er with mud,
Fit subject for the scrubbing-brush
And a scap and water flood.

But in spite of puzzling questions
And meddling little hand,
So nimble and so busy,
And all brown by summer tanned;
In spite of all the trouble,
The mischief and the noise,
Some way, he always seems to us,
The very best of boys.

And those little meddling fingers
May belong to useful hand,
Giving freely to the needy,
Helping falling ones to stand,
And those nimble feet, so ready
Now to run on mischief bent,
May be on loving missions
To his fellow-beings sent.

And the tongue that shouts so gaily,
Some day beyond his youth,
May tell and sing to many
The blessed way of truth;
"Fond, foolish dreams," perhaps you say,
I pray you let me dream;
For oftentimes the sweetest joys
Are those that only seem.

—Christian at Work.

TEACH OBEDIENCE.

We once heard a mother say when the reluctant obedience of her boy was commented upon by an elderly relative—

"Oh, I do not approve of attempting to restrain and curb a child too soon, I think there is great danger of breaking his spirit. It seems to me the proper way is to wait awhile and then gradually as he grows older and the will gets stronger, to begin and tighten the lines by degrees."

In what school of lack-wisdom and mistaken, fatal judgment could she have learned so weak a doctrine and imbibed such piteously erroneous ideas?

A little child, too young to speak except in monosyllables, knew if he purposely dropped his cake at the table he would have to go away by himself. Looking his mother in the face he would hold out his cake over the arm of his high chair and say, "no, no, no, no! go away," then occasionally he would drop the cake for the express purpose of testing the truthfulness of his mother's promise that if he did so he would have to leave the table.

After a while he discontinued the experiment, having become convinced that his mother was going to be as good as her word every time.

On one occasion, while travelling from Boston to New York in a Pullman car, we became much interested in watching the movements of a cunning little girl. En-

tirely engrossed with her doll she seemed oblivious after a time of the presence of others. She was evidently accustomed to amusing herself, and rarely interrupted the conversation of two ladies, presumably her mother and auntie. Pretty soon it appeared that miss dolly became refractory, for all at once her mimic mamma seized her firmly by the arms and holding her so as to look directly into the wax face she said with ludicrous decision for such a mite;

"I want prompt, unquestioning obedience!"

What wonder we looked with real respect at the contented little creature concerning whose early training and thoroughly understood creed of discipline, we felt something had been discovered of an import worthy of admiration and imitation.

If young parents would only learn and enforce one important lesson, much trouble and anxiety might easily be avoided in training children. Here is the lesson:

Begin just as soon as a child can be made to understand anything, and teach it to understand that it must do what it is told to do and must not do what it is told not to do!

A firm, persistent and withal kindly adherence to this simple rule will soon settle all little differences between mother and child. There will, doubtless, be a few struggles, possibly quite a number, but let the parent never be the one to give up. The time will soon come when the firm, even rule will be recognized and respected.

Not that we mean to affirm that obedience will invariably be yielded at once. There are cases when at intervals for years, perhaps, a determination to assert one's will may manifest itself as if to discover whether the old rule still holds firm.

But such trial tests will grow more and more infrequent until final surrender at discretion to parental powers will be deemed the wiser, and in fact the only course to be pursued with comfort and happiness.

The Bible teaches the need of decision throughout its entire pages. The law is not laid down and the divine precepts declared with a mere recommendation that they be observed and obeyed. The plain, unequivocal language of the Holy Writ is "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not," and no loop-hole of escape from strict compliance with the outspoken commands is discoverable in Scripture law.

Nature is inexorable in executing her fixed decree, and violations of her laws are followed by sharp and oftentimes speedy retribution.

Shall we be so shortsighted as to fail to discern that what must be taught in order to the well being of the individual and the safety of the soul, should be taught early, and with faithful decision?—Mrs. H. A. Cheever.

ICE-WATER.

Doctor Hammond, in writing about the use of ice-water in the *North American Review*, declares that "there is death in the pot." He believes that water below a temperature of fifty degrees should never be used for drinking purposes, and the reasons given for such moderation are good and sufficient. The liking for ice-water, he insists, is by no means a natural taste.

Children who are not accustomed to its use find it not only unpleasant, but actually painful. Babies shudder when it is first put into their mouths, and a North American Indian will twist about for some minutes after drinking a tumblerful, apparently affected by it as an unpalatable and undesirable dose. Still, as is the case in formation of other pernicious habits, persistency brings about a craving which demands satisfaction.

When the body is greatly over-heated, a draught of ice-water may cause sudden death by its effect upon the solar plexus, and, through that, on the heart. The solar plexus is a very important part of the nervous system, and is situated immediately behind the stomach.

A severe blow inflicted upon the body just over this spot may cause almost instant death, and the sudden shock caused by a deluge of ice-water has exactly the effect of a blow, though it does not always prove fatal.

Many persons, after a draught of ice-water, feel faint and become pale, without

in the least realizing that the local temperature has been suddenly reduced, the action of the heart weakened, and in consequence, a diminished amount of blood sent to the lungs and brain.

Besides bringing about neuralgic affections, cold drinks are very injurious to the teeth, cracking the enamel, and thus increasing their liability to decay. The sense of taste is also impaired by drinking large quantities of ice-water with the food, digestion is hindered, and dyspepsia results, together with other more serious forms of internal malady.

A CURE FOR THE MOST DANGEROUS WOUNDS.

An exchange gives this piece of information, which may be of great service to many and should be remembered. It says:

An intelligent and trustworthy correspondent, says the *Boston Transcript*, has sent us the following: "The smoke of woollen rags is a cure for the most dangerous wounds."

A lady of my acquaintance ran a machine needle through her finger. She could not be released till the machine was taken to pieces. The needle had broken into her finger in three pieces, one of which was bent almost double. After repeated trials the pieces were extracted by pincers, but they were very strongly embedded. The pain reached to the shoulder, and there was every danger of lock-jaw. The woollen rags were put over the coils, and she held her finger over the smoke, and in a very short time all the pain was gone and it never returned, though it was some little time before the finger healed.

This is but one of many instances of such cure, some of them taking place after several days from the time of the wound. Let woollen rags be kept sacredly and always at hand for wounds. The smoke and stench will fill the house, perhaps, but that is a trifle when the alternative is lock-jaw, or even a long, painful sequel to the wound.

Another instance was the wound made by an enraged cat, which tore the flesh from the wrist to the elbow, and bit through the fleshy part of the hand. One ministrant of the smoke extracted all the pain, which had been frightful."

GRAPE JUICE.

Be sure says a writer to seal up several bottles of grape juice this coming fall. As a tonic it is excellent, and nothing can be pleasanter for a summer drink. It is nourishing as well as satisfying. By experience I know it is splendid for the sick. My son wrote me it was the only thing that his stomach would retain when he was seasick on a voyage to Europe.

RECIPE.

Twenty-five pounds of best Concord (or any juicy grapes). Scald with only enough water to keep from burning; when they burst open; set off to cool, then press through a stout jelly bag; add nearly four pounds coffee sugar; let it come to the boiling point again and seal up as you do canned fruit. This amount ought to make twelve quarts of rich wine. Keep in a cool, dark place. If open any length of time, it will ferment. This is good for communion wine.

RECIPES.

SCALLOPED ONIONS.—Peel the onions, and slice or chop very thin. In a baking-dish sprinkle a layer of cracker-crumbs, then of onion, salt, butter, and pepper to taste, another layer of crumbs, and so on till the dish is filled, having the last layer of cracker. Pour over milk enough to cover, and bake one hour and a half.

BOILED ONIONS.—Peel the onions under water, pour over boiling water, and cook ten minutes, adding a half-teaspoonful of salt; drain and pour over boiling, salted water a second time, and yet a third, to take away the strong odor. Season with melted butter, or make a gravy of cream or rich milk, butter, a dash of pepper and salt. Serve very hot.

HASTY DISHES.—Savory toasts are invariably appreciated. Many can be obtained if a small jar of potted meat or fish is in the house. They are improved by moistening with gravy or butter, while, for the white kinds, cream or a spoonful of white sauce answers as well, or better; the toast should be free from crust, and buttered, then spread thickly with the preparation, cut into fingers, and made hot in the oven.

SNOW PUDDING.—Make a gelatine jelly by dissolving a box of gelatine in a pint of tepid water. Let it stand two or three hours and then add three pints of boiling water, two pounds of sugar and the juice of three or four lemons. Strain, and allow to harden. Make a nice, thin custard of rich milk and the yolks of eggs. Place the molded gelatine in the centre of a glass dish and pour the custard around it.

BAKED ONIONS.—Boil, changing the water, and when they begin to be tender, pour over them—in a pudding-dish—rich milk and seasoning; cover and bake. At the last, take off the cover and brown.

SARDINE TOAST is excellent, made from boneless sardines, well seasoned, and flavored with lemon juice. The fish should be made hot before laying them on the toast; each piece to be large enough to hold one sardine.

GOLDEN FINGERS are thick strips of cold beef, dipped in batter and fried brown; these, lightly piled on a hot dish and garnished with parsley, look very appetizing. They can also be made from cold veal, each strip being rolled in a thin slice of boiled ham before coating with batter. In this case, slices of lemon form a suitable garnish. The meat should not be overcooked; hence this is a good way of using up the most underdone portions of a joint.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Rub lightly two ounces of butter into four ounces of sugar. Add one-half pound of flour and rub together, adding one spoonful of baking powder. Then break in one egg and add one-half pint of sweet milk. Stir well; steam in a mold three-quarters of an hour. For the sauce take one cup sugar, one tablespoon flour, one cup water, one spoonful butter, flavor. Remove from fire, and when a little cooled add one beaten egg well stirred in.

CARROT CREAM CUSTARDS.—One pint of rich milk, whites of three eggs, yolk of one egg, a little salt, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of arrowroot, corn-starch, or rice flour, three heaping tablespoonfuls of cooked and strained carrot pulp, the grated rind of one-half of an orange, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract, or (better) one-fourth teaspoonful of vanilla sugar; if convenient, one-half cupful of whipped cream. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth; scald the milk, reserving a little to mix with the corn-starch; stir the latter into the boiling milk, and cook ten minutes; add the carrot pulp, into which has been stirred the sugar, salt, and flavorings; stir in the yolk of the egg, then the whites, mixing lightly, but well; cook a few moments. When cool, stir in lightly the whipped cream. Fill cups or glasses, and heap in each a meringue of whipped cream, sweetened and flavored to taste, and tinted yellow with a little yolk of egg. Use a meringue made thus: Juice of one orange (enough water added to make one and one-half gills), rind of one-half of an orange, and one heaping tablespoonful of sugar. Pour the hot water to the rind, and let it stand fifteen minutes; strain; add the orange juice, mix with the well-beaten eggs, and stir until it thickens well; add the white of one egg, beaten stiff; take from the fire, and, when cool, stir in one-half cupful of whipped cream. Add a little vanilla if liked.

PUZZLES—NO. 19.

ENIGMA.

I'm in knowledge and in folly,
I'm in sane and melancholy,
I'm in business and in labor,
I'm in monarch and in neighbor,
I'm in paradise and prison,
I'm in fallen and in risen,
I'm in soldier and in sailor,
I'm in carpenter and tailor,
I'm in tremble and in terror,
I'm in righteousness and error,
I'm in beautiful and humble,
I'm in steadfast and in stumble,
I'm in ruin and in riches,
I'm in rivers and in ditches,
I'm in cottage and in cavern,
I'm in midship and in haven.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

DEFINITIONS AND CURTAILMENTS.

Behold a horse and leave a verb.
Behold a portion and leave a skill.
Behold a conveyance and leave a necessity.
Behold an article of clothing and leave to adore.
Curtail a woman and leave a boy.
Curtail to feel pain and leave a deep hole.
Curtail dimensions and leave a verb.
Curtail an article and leave opposite of thick.

ISA.

THE PUZZLING ADVERB.

My first is a negative adverb; my second is an adverb of place; by a different division my first is an adverb of time, and my second an adverb of place. My whole is an adverb of place, and one division contradicts the other.

JAMES HERBERT.

SELECTED CONCEALED AUTHORS.

1. It would seem that when the gentleman sets out, he yearly travels in the south of Europe, but is resting at home this year.
2. There was a panic of elderly folk near us and once in a while we heard a loud pop ending in a faint scream, and then a laugh.
3. They were discussing a trip to Lake Como; but it was evident that they knew nothing about Lake Como or English lakes.
4. Curiously enough she said, "I can say nothing to this; to add, is only to take away."
5. It was to welcome silence that we left.

UNITED STATES.

SQUARE.

1. A disloyal person.
2. Flushed with success.
3. To wash.
4. Pare air.
5. Side looks.

SAMUEL MOORE.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Answers have been received from Jennie Black and Fred J. Grafton. Thanks to both for nice letters. We are always pleased to hear from those who solve the puzzles and cordially invite all to send puzzles for this department.

EDITOR PUZZLES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 18.

ENIGMA No. 1.—"The Lord Liveth." (II Samuel 22: 47.)

SQUARE.—

F R A M E
R A V E N
A V E R T
M E R G E
E N T E R

ENIGMA No. 2.—Latin.

ENIGMA No. 3.—Love one another.



The Family Circle.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

(A Little Rhymed Story.)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The wind was blowing over the moors,
And the sun shone bright upon heather and
whin,
On the grave-stones hoary and gray with age
Which stand about Hazworth vicarage,
And it streamed through a window in.

There, by herself, in a lonely room—
A lonely room which once held three—
Sat a woman at work with a busy pen,
'Twas the woman all England praised just then.
But what for its praise cared she?

Fame cannot dazzle or flattery charm
One who goes lonely day by day
On the lonely moors, where the plovers cry,
And the sobbing wind as it hurries by
Has no comforting word to say.

So, famous and lonely and sad she sat,
And steadily wrote the morning through;
Then, at stroke of twelve, laid her task aside
And out to the kitchen swiftly hied,
Now what was she going to do?

Why, Tabby, the servant, was "past her work,"
And her eyes had failed as her strength ran
low,

And the tolls, once easy, had one by one
Become too hard, or were left half-done
By the aged hands and slow.

So, every day, without saying a word,
Her famous mistress laid down the pen,
Re-knecaded the bread, or silently stole
The potatoes away in their wooden bowl,
And pured them all over again.

She did not say, as she might have done,
"The less to the larger must give way."
These things are little, while I am great;
And the world will not always stand and wait
For the words that I have to say."

No; the clever fingers that wrought so well,
And the eyes that would pierce to the heart's
intent,
She lent to the humble task and small;
Nor counted the time as lost at all
So Tabby were but content!

Ah, genius burns like a blazing star,
And Fame has a honeyed urn to fill;
But the good deed done for love, not fame,
Like the water-cup in the Master's name,
Is something more precious still.
—St. Nicholas.

AUNTY PARSONS' STORY.

I told Hezekiah—that's my man. People mostly call him Deacon Parsons, but he never gets any deaconing from me. We were married—"Hezekiah and Amariah"—that's going on forty years ago, and he's just Hezekiah to me, and nothin' more.

Well, as I was saying, says I; "Hezekiah, we aren't right. I am sure of it." And he said; "Of course not. We are poor sinners, Amy; all poor sinners." And I said; "Hezekiah, this 'poor sinner' talk has gone on long enough. I suppose we are poor sinners, but I don't see any use of being mean sinners; and there's one thing I think is real mean."

It was just after breakfast; and, as he felt poorly, he hadn't gone to the shop yet; and so I had this little talk with him to sort o' chirk him up. He knew what I was comin' to, for we had had the subject up before, it was our little church. He always said; "The poor people, and what should we ever do?" And I always said; "We never shall do nothin' unless we try." And so when I brought the matter up in this way, he just began bitin' his toothpick, and said: "What's up now? Who's mean? Amariah, we oughtn't to speak evil one of another." Hezekiah always says "poor sinners" and doesn't seem to mind it, but when I occasionally say "mean sinners" he somehow gets on edge. But I was started, and I meant to free my mind.

So I said, says I: "I was goin' to confess our sins. Dan'l confessed for all his people, and I was confessin' for all our little church."

"Truth is," says I, "ours is allus called one of the 'feeble churches,' and I am tried about it. I've raised seven children,

and at fourteen months old every boy and girl of 'em could run alone. And our church is fourteen years old," says I, "and it can't take a step yet without somebody to hold on by. The Board helps us and General Jones, good man, he helps us—helps too much, I think—and so we live along, but we don't seem to get strong. Our people draw their rations every year as the Indians do up at the agency; and it doesn't seem sometimes as if they ever thought of doing anything else."

"They take it so easy," I said. "That's what worries me. I don't suppose we could pay all expenses, but we might act as if we wanted to, and as if we meant to do all we can."

"I read," says I, "last week about the debt of the Board, and this week, as I understand," says I, "our application is going in for another year, and no particular effort to do any better, and it frets me. I can't sleep nights, and I can't take comfort Sundays. I've got to feelin' as if we were a kind of perpetual paupers. And that was what I meant when I said: 'It is real mean!' I suppose I said it a little sharp," says I, "but I'd rather be sharp than flat any day, and if we don't begin to stir ourselves we shall be flat enough before long, and shall deserve to be. It grows on me. It has just been 'Board, Board, Board,' for fourteen years, and I'm tired of it. I never did like boardin'," says I; "and, even if we were poor, I believe we might do something toward settin' up house-keepin' for ourselves."

"Well, there's not many of us; about a hundred, I believe, and some of those is women folks, and some is just girls and boys. And we all have to work hard and live close; but," says I, "let us show a disposition if nothin' more. Hezekiah, if there's any spirit left in us, let us show some sort of a disposition."

And Hezekiah held his toothpick in his teeth, and looked down at his boots and rubbed his chin, as he always does when he's goin' to say somethin'. "I think there's some of us that shows a disposition."

Of course I understood that hit, but I kep' still. I kep' right on with my argument, and I said, "Yes, and a pretty bad disposition it is. It's a disposition to let ourselves be helped when we ought to be helping ourselves. It's a disposition to lie still and let somebody carry us. And we are growing up cripples only we don't know."

"Kiah," says I, "do you hear me?" Sometimes when I want to talk a little he just shuts his eyes, and begins to rock himself back and forth in the old armchair, he was doin' that now. So I said: "Kiah, do you hear?" And he said; "Some!" and then I went on. "I've got a proposition," says I, "and he sort o' looked up, and said: 'Hev you? Well, between a disposition and a proposition I guess the proposition might be better.'"

He's awful sarcastic, sometimes. But I wasn't goin' to get riled, nor thrown off the track; so I jest said: "Yes; do you and I git two shillin's worth a piece a week out o' that blessed little church of ours, do you think?" says I. "Cos, if we do, I want to give two shillin's a week to keep it goin', and I thought maybe you could do as much." So he said he guessed we could stand that, and I said: "That's my proposition; and I mean to see if we can't find somebody else that'll do the same. It'll show disposition, anyway."

"Well, I suppose you'll hev your own way," says he; "you must always do." And I said: "Isn't it most allers a good way?" Then I brought out my subscription paper. I had it all ready. I didn't jest know how to shape it, but I knew it was something about "the sums set opposite our names," and so I drew it up, and took my chances. "You must head it," says I, "Because you're the oldest deacon, and I must go on next, because I am the deacon's wife, and then I'll see some of the rest of the folks."

So 'Kiah sot down, and put on his specs, and took his pen, but did not write. "What's the matter?" says I. And he said: "I'm sort o' 'shamed to subscribe two shillin's. I never signed so little as that for anything. I used to give that to the circus when I was nothin' but a boy, and I ought to do more than that to support the gospel. Two shillin' a week! Why, it's only a shillin' a sermon, and all the prayer-meetin's throwed in. I can't go less than fifty cents, I am sure." So

down he went for fifty cents, and then I signed for a quarter, and then my sunbonnet went onto my head pretty lively; and says I; "Hezekiah, there's some cold potatoes in the pantry, and you know where to find the salt; so, if I am not back by dinner-time, don't be bashful, help yourself." And I started.

I called on the Smith family first. I felt sure of them. And they were just happy. Mr. Smith signed, and so did Mrs. Smith; and long John, he came in while we were talkin', and put his name down; and then old grandma Smith, she didn't want to be left out; so there was four of 'em. Next, I called on the Joslyns, and, next on the Chapins, and then on Widdie Chadwick, and so I kept on.

I met a little trouble once or twice, but not much. There was Fussy Furber, and hein' trustee he thought I was out of my spear, he said; and he wanted it understood that such work belonged to the trustees. "To be sure," says I, "I'm glad I've found it out. I wish the trustees had discovered that a little sooner." Then there was sister Puffy, that's got the asthma. She thought we ought to be lookin' after "the sperritualities." She said we must go down before the Lord. She didn't think churches could be run on money. But I told her I guessed we should be jest as spiritual to look into our pocketbooks a little, and I said it was a shame to be 'tarnally beggin' so of the Board.

She looked dredful solemn when I said that, and I almost felt as if I'd been comittin' profane language. But I hope the Lord will forgive me if I took anything in vain. I did not take my call in vain, I tell you. Mrs. Puffy is good, only she allus wants to talk so pious; and she put down her two shillin's, and then hove a sigh. Then I found the boys at the cooper shop and got seven names there at one lick; and when the list began to grow people seemed ashamed to say no, and I kept gainin' till I had jest an even hundred, and then I went home.

"Well, it was pretty well towards candle light when I got back, and I was that tired I didn't know much of anything. I've washed, and I've scrubbed, and I've baked and I've cleaned house, and I've biled soap, and I've moved; and I 'low that a' most any one of that sort of thing is a little exhaustin'. But put your bakin' and movin' and bilin' soap all together, and it won't work out as much genuine tired soul and body as one day with a subscription paper to support the gospel. So when I sort o' dropped into the chair, and Hezekiah said, "Well?" I was past speakin' and I put my check apron up to my face as I hadn't done since I was a young, foolish girl, and cried. I don't know what I felt so bad about, I don't know as I did feel bad, but I felt cry, and I cried. And 'Kiah, seein' how it was, felt kind o' sorry for me, and set some tea a steepin', and when I had had my drink with weepin', I felt better.

I handed him the subscription paper, and he looked it over as if he didn't expect anything; but soon he began saying, "I never! I never!" And I said, "Of course you didn't; you never tried. How much is it?" "Why, don't you know?" says he. "No," I said, "I ain't quick in figures, and I hadn't time to foot it up. I hope it will make us out this year three hundred dollars or so."

"Amy," says he, "you're a prodigy—a prodical, I may say—and you don't know it. A hundred names at two shillin' each gives us \$25 a Sunday. Some of 'em may fail, but most of 'em is good; and then there is ten, eleven, thirteen, that sign fifty cents. That'll make up what fails. That paper of yours'll give us thirteen hundred dollars a year!" I jumped up like I was shot. "Yes," he says, "we shan't need anything this year from the Board. This church, for this year at any rate, is self-supporting."

We both sot down and kep' still a minute when I said kind o' softly; "Hezekiah," says I, "isn't it about time for prayers?" I was just chokin' but, as he took down the Bible he said; "I guess we'd better sing somethin'." I nodded like, and he just struck in. We often sing at prayers in the morning; but now it seemed like the Scriptur that says; "He giveth songs in the night." 'Kiah generally likes the solemn tunes, too; and we sing "Show pity, Lord," a great deal; and this mornin' we had sung "Hark! from

the tombs a doleful sound," 'cause 'Kiah was not feelin' very well, and we wanted to chirk up a little.

So I just waited to see what meter he'd strike to-night; and would you believe it? I didn't know that he knew any sech tune, but off he started on "Joy to the world, the Lord is come." I tried to catch on, but he went off, lickerty-switch, like a steam engine, and I couldn't keep up. I was partly laughin' to see 'Kiah go it, and partly crying again, my heart was so full; so I doubled up some of the notes and jumped over the others, and so we safely reached the end.

But, I tell you, Hezekiah prayed. He allers prays well, but this was a bran' new prayer, exactly suited to the occasion. And when Sunday come, and the minister got up and told what had been done, and said; "It is all the work of one good woman and done in one day," I just got scared and wanted to run. And when some of the folks shook hands with me, after meetin' and said, with tears in their eyes, how I'd saved the church, and all that, I came awful nigh gettin' proud. But, as Hezekiah says, "we're all poor sinners," and so I choked it back. But I am glad I did it; and I don't believe our church will ever go boardin' any more.—*Presbyterian Journal.*

CARRYING A PISTOL.

There are those who think it looks brave to carry a pistol. Now, I will undertake to say that any man who lives in a well-defended city and is afraid to go out and come in without firearms, has not the courage of a sheep. If called to go out on the borders of civilization, or as an officer of the law to explore the haunts of a great city, deadly weapons may be an appropriate accompaniment; but he who in peaceful times and in well-governed neighborhoods carries dirk or pistol has the spirit of murder, whether or not he commit the crime. In all the history of the world slander was never baffled, nor was honor vindicated by taking the life of another. Do not think that by violence you can adjust anything. Keep your heart right and your life right, and you are independent of the world's bombardment. Snap your sword-cane and throw your derringer into the river. What a chicken-liver instead of a heart you must have that you must be armed to walk the streets. If you are afraid to go down the road unarmed, better get your grandmother to go along and defend you with her knitting-needles. There is a certain kind of man who ought never to have a pistol in his pocket or under his pillow, or anywhere in the house, from garret to cellar, and that is the young man; or old, who has a violent temper. To say nothing of a revolver, it is dangerous for you to have so much as a percussion-cap or a ramrod. You carry a pistol when suddenly, in a moment of insane fury, you may do something you may be sorry for through time and through eternity. With such a temper as you have, to carry a weapon of death is as unwise as to put gunpowder and lucifer matches in the same box. The orderly citizen in our orderly neighborhoods in the next hundred years, will need no firearms. Ten lives are lost every year through the accidental discharge of firearms where there is one life saved by being armed. This complete puppyism that cannot live without being armed with deadly weapons ought to be spanked and put to bed before sundown.—*Talmage.*

THE SAINTLY SELF.

Self dies hard. Perhaps the subtlest self of all is the saintly self—the self that asserts itself, and fosters a subtle, spiritual pride in the emphatic profession of humility. I meet with dear Christian souls who seem calmly to take it for granted that they are living on a higher plane than their less enlightened fellow-Christians; "We are living the higher Christian life, and we have such wonderful times up here on the mountain-top; we are so sorry for your poor dear half-enlightened souls, who are still on the wilderness side of Jordan, and have not yet entered the promised land, with which we are now quite familiar." There is a deal of dying to be done still by those who cherish these lofty thoughts of their own attainments. The holiest man will ever be the man who thinks least of his own holiness.—*Rev. W. H. Aiken.*

NERO'S BRAVE DEED.

BY CHARLOTTE FRENCH.

All night a terrific storm had been raging on the wild Australian coast. In the morning the rain ceased, but a gale still howled about the little farm house. Grace could hear the fierce waves dash against the cliff.

Some days before her father had gone on business to the far distant town, leaving her and her mother alone; but they were both brave women, and no thought of fear entered their heads. This morning, however, Grace was very much excited, and even her placid mother caught a little of her agitation.

"Mamma, I couldn't sleep all night," declared Grace. "I kept thinking of those at sea. It seems as if no vessel could possibly live in such a gale!"

Just then there was a loud rap at the door. Grace flew to open it.

There stood one of the Australian Negroes who was very friendly to the English, and who rejoiced in the name of Samuel Isaacs.

"Miss Grace, for heben's sake come down to Wallcliff," he cried. "Dere's a ship struck on do rocks! She's sinking fast, and dere's not a soul near to help do people on board!"

"Go quickly, Grace dear," cried Mrs. Russel. "You may be able to help, but, oh, don't be too rash!"

Her mother's last words Grace hardly heard. With a hasty kiss she rushed out to the stable to saddle Nero, her father's splendid black horse, and in a moment she was following Sam on his swift little pony.

The wind blew so hard that Nero could scarcely keep his footing. Grace clung to the saddle. The wind blew her hat from her head, and tossed her hair in her eyes. On she sped, thinking, "What, oh, what can we do to save those poor souls? We have no boats. Oh, God, help us to do something!"

At last they reached the over-hanging cliff from which they could command a wide sweep of raging, roaring water.

Helpless in pitiless waves they could see a gallant ship tossed wildly back and forth, dashed against the rocks, and almost torn to pieces.

"Oh, God help them!" cried Grace. "They are going to try to get to shore somehow," said Grace. As she spoke they began to lower a little boat, which looked like a mere shell on the angry sea. It was filled with women and children. Grace held her breath, as it tossed to and fro for a moment—then—oh! Over it went, and a shriek of terror from twenty throats rose above the howl of the wind. Grace hardly knew what she was doing. She did not stop to think:

"On, Nero!" she shouted, and recklessly galloped her horse down the steep incline where she would not have ventured at any other time. Into the water she urged the magnificent animal, who shivered and shrank back as the waves broke over him, and then struck out boldly in obedience to the voice he knew so well.

"On, on, good fellow, we'll save them yet!" she cried, and grasped a little floating form—a child—almost dead. Another clung frantically to her skirts, and then she turned to bring them back to shore. It seemed miles away, and the breakers were trying to keep her from it with almost human persistence. She could not breathe. The little ones dragged her down

again. Could she keep her seat? Nero was snorting painfully. Would he hold out?

At last they reached land. Leaving the children in safety, Grace and Nero faced the tempest of winds and waves once more. She could hear the cries of the poor creatures clinging to the upturned boat. She must not leave them to perish.

"What am she going to do?" cried Sam, when he saw Grace ride into the water the first time. "She's gone clean crazy this time!" and without a moment's hesitation, he whipped up his own horse and followed her.

Again and again they came back with their precious burdens. The brave horses seemed to understand now, and would start back for the boat without waiting for a command.

So they were all saved at last, and Grace led the way back to the house where Mrs. Russel was ready to take care of the sufferers.

But she never could be brought to acknowledge that she had done anything brave. Even when the Royal Humane Society sent her a medal, she declared it

"While you were there, you studied by yourself—"

"Oh, no, bless you, no! Not by myself! Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she beat up cakes for breakfast. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, ugly with pot hooks and trammels, into the fire, and she burned her hand pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you had saved a little money you invested in fruit, and began to peddle it out on the evening train?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said slowly, "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sunday-school good. The second lot of apples I bought for peddling were speckled and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat I crept down cellar and filled my basket as usual."

"They look very well on the outside,"

AN EMPTY BASKET.

BY REV. H. W. WALLACE.

I had counted on doing some berrying during vacation. So I provided myself with a good-sized basket, and started out one warm afternoon. Hope ran high. The tea-table should be the brighter for my afternoon's work. Two miles away I struck the first berry-patch; but I found plenty of bushes, but no berries. Then a mile further away I found another patch, but no berries. Last year in this spot, a picker could easily have filled his basket; this year the place was barren. There was still one more place to try, and I started for it, determined that my luck should turn. But it was no better. There were no berries.

Disappointed, possibly angered, I turned towards home,—and I carried my empty basket. Afterwards I wished I had thrown it away in the swamp. If I had known the mortification I was to meet I should have done so. But it seemed too natty to leave, so I carried it along. On the road I met a young man and woman driving, and as they passed me they looked into my basket, and then a clear-toned laugh

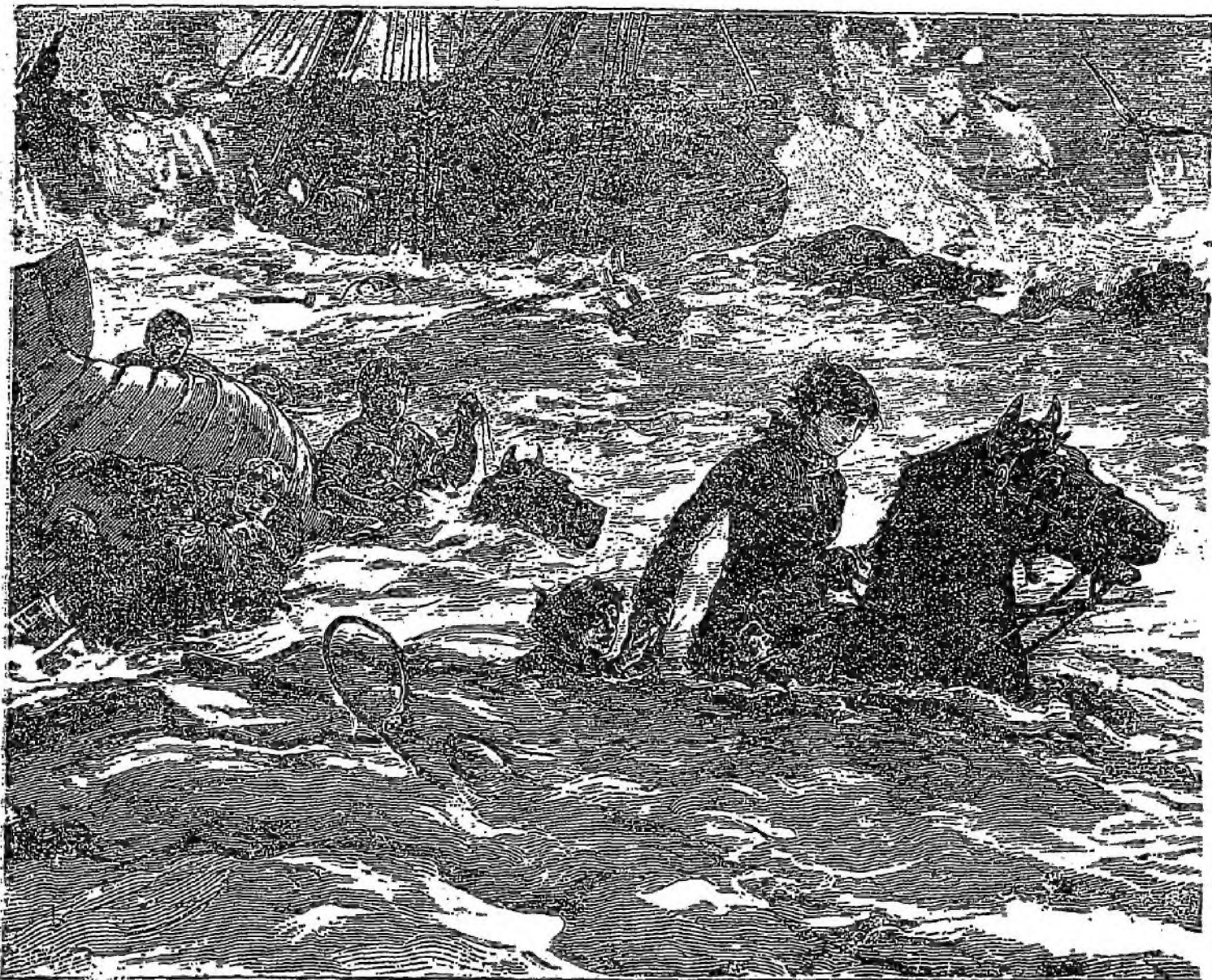
rang out. That look and that laugh hurt me more than they will ever know. Then I met two boys, whose eyes went down to the very bottom of that basket, and they winked at each other, as boys will wink when they are funny. That wink was another goad. Around another turn in the road, and now in the verge of the village, I came upon a large company of little Irish girls,—or rather, they came upon me. I didn't want to see them. One pert little miss grasped my basket and tilted it so that she could see all its emptiness, and then said, roguishly: "Got many berries, Mister?" I wanted to annihilate her, but I didn't dare to; there were too many witnesses.

I was now fairly on the village street, I and my basket. I couldn't throw the vile thing away now; some one would have seen me. Down the main street I went, only because there was no back way to go. How unpleasantly conspicuous my house was! At last I got safely into my house, but even here I could not be hid.

There was a lance-point even in my pleasant little girl's question: "Got any, papa?"

As I see that basket now,—and my eye happens to see it often when I don't want to see it,—my mortification revives. And my only relief is in the beguiling consciousness that there were no berries, or I should have got them. But not even that takes out quite all the venom from the sting.

Years ago, I was at a Methodist conference in a Western city as a reporter. The young men who were about to be ordained were telling their experiences and their hopes before an immense and interested assembly. One young man—whose home was in a great grape-producing district—said, among other things: "When the Master comes, I do not wish him to see me sitting beside an empty basket." I recall the phrase at the distance of the year. And I ask myself seriously, "When I reach the end of life's journey, will he find me with an empty basket?" He shall not, if I can help it. I will try to spare him the sorrow, and myself the mortification. If I can, I will lade my basket to the very handle with soul-fruit, for his glory.—Golden Rule.



NERO'S BRAVE DEED.

ought to have been for Nero instead.

"It was he who swam out and saved the people," she always said. "I only held on his back."

SELF-MADE.

A wealthy business man not long ago made a short visit to his native town, a thriving little place, and while there, was asked to address the Sunday-school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you not a self-made man?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early struggles! You went into Mr. Wheelright's office when you were only ten—"

"So I did! So I did! But my mother got me the place; and while I was there, she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged, told me to cheer up and remember tears were for babies."

I thought, 'and perhaps none of the people will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and just as soon as they are gone, I'll get some sound ones.' Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me.

"'Ned,' said she in a clear voice, 'what are you going to do with those speckled apples?'"

"So—sell them," I stammered.

"Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son," she said promptly. "Oh, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that!" Then she cried, and I cried, and I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir, I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles; but I wish you'd remind your boys and girls every Sunday that their mothers are probably doing far more for them, than they do for themselves. Tell them too, to pray that those dear women may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for their children—for mine didn't.—Youth's Companion.

THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

"The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others
In the country of the free!"

Mrs. Browning.

CHAPTER I.—THE SILVER STREET KINDERGARTEN.

"It makes a heaven-wide difference whether the soul of the child is regarded as a piece of blank paper, to be written upon, or as a living power, to be quickened by sympathy, to be educated by truth."



It had been a long, wearisome day at the Free Kindergarten, and I was alone in the silent, deserted room. Gone were all the little heads, yellow and black, curly and smooth; the dancing, restless, curious eyes, the too mischievous, naughty, eager hands and noisy feet; the merry voices that had made the great room human, but now left it quiet and empty. Eighty pairs of tiny boots had clattered down the stairs; eighty baby wools had been relieved; eighty little torn coats pulled on with patient hands; eighty shabby little hats, not one with a "strawberry mark" to distinguish it from any other, had been distributed with infinite discrimination among their possessors; numberless sloppy kisses had been pressed upon a willing cheek or hand, and another day was over. No—not quite over, after all. A murderous yell from below brought me to my feet, and I fled like an anxious hen to my brood. One small quarrel in the hall, but it must be inquired into on the way to the greater one. Mercedes McGafferty had taunted Jenny Crawhall with being Irish. The fact that she herself had been born in Cork about three years previous did not trouble her in the least. Jenny, in a voice choked with sobs, and with the stamp of a tiny foot, was announcing hotly that she was "not Irish, no such a thing,—she was Plesbertorian!" I was not quite clear whether this was a theological or racial controversy, but I settled it speedily, and they ran off together hand in hand. I hastened to the steps. The yells had come from Joe Guinee and Mike Higgins, who were fighting for the possession of a banana; a banana, too, that should have been fought for, if at all, many days before,—a banana better suited, in its respectable old age, to peaceful consumption than the fortunes of war. My unexpected apparition had such an effect that I might have been an avenging angel. The boys dropped the banana simultaneously, and it fell to the steps quite exhausted, in such a condition that whoever proved to be in the right would get but little enjoyment from it.

"O my boys, my boys!" I exclaimed. "did you forget so soon? What shall we do? Must Miss Kate follow you everywhere? If that is the only way in which you can be good, we might as well give up trying. Must I watch you to the corner every day, no matter how tired I am?"

Two grimy little shirt bosoms heaved with shame and anger; two pairs of eyes hid themselves under protecting lids; two pairs of moist and stained hands sought the shelter of charitable pockets,—then the cause of war was declared by Mike sulkily.

"Joe Guinee hooked my bernanner."

"I never!" said Joe hotly. "I swapped with him for a peach, 'n he e't the peach at noon-time, 'n then would'n't gimme no bernanner."

"The peach warn't no good," Mike interpolated swiftly, seeing my expression,— "it warn't no good, Miss Kate. When I come to eat it I had ter chuck half of it away, 'nd then Joe Guinee went t' my lunch bucket and hooked my bernanner!"

I sat down on the top step, motioned the culprits to do likewise, and then began dispensing justice-tempered with mercy for the twenty-fifth time that day. "Mike, you say Joe took your banana?"

"Yes'm,—he hooked it."

"Same thing. You have your words and I have mine, and I've told you before that mine mean as much and sound a little better. But I thought that you changed that banana for a peach, and ate the peach?"

"I did."

"Then, why wasn't that banana Joe's? you had taken his peach."

"He had n't oughter hooked—took it out o' my bucket."

"No, and you ought not to have put it into your bucket."

"He hooked—took what warn't his?"

"You kept what wasn't yours. How do you expect to have a good fruit store, either of you, by-and-by, and have people buy your things, if you haven't any idea of making a good square trade? Do try to be honest; and if you make an exchange stick to it; fighting over a thing never makes it any better. Look at that banana!—is it any good to either of you now?" (Pause. The still small voice was busy, but no sound was heard save the distant whistle of the janitor.)

"I could bring another one to Joe to-morrow," said Mike, looking at his ragged boot and scratching it along the edge of the step.

"I don't want yer to, 'f the peach was sour 'n you had ter chuck it away," responded Joe amiably.

"Yes, I think he ought to bring the banana; he made the trade with his eyes open, and the peach didn't look sour, for I saw you squeezing it when you ought to

not feel equal to the social chats that would be pressed upon me by the neighborhood "ladies." One of my good policemen was there as usual, and saluted me profoundly. He had carried the last baby over the crossing, and guided all the venturesome small boys through the maze of trucks and horse-cars,—a difficult and thankless task, as they absolutely courted decapitation,—it being an unwritten law of conduct that each boy should weave his way through the horses' legs if practicable, and if not, should see how near he could come to grazing the wheels. Exactly at twelve o'clock, and again at two each day, in rain or sunshine, a couple of huge fatherly persons in brass buttons appeared on that corner and assisted us in getting our youngsters into streets of safety. Nobody had ever asked them to come, their chief had not detailed them for that special duty; and I could never have been bold enough to suggest that a guardian of the peace with an immaculate uniform should carry to and fro a crowd of small urchins with dusty boots and sticky hands.

But everybody loved that Silver street corner, where the quiet little street met the larger noisy one! Not a horse-car driver but looked at his brake and glanced up the street before he took his car across. The truckmen all drove slowly, calling "Hi, there!" genially to any youngster within half a block.

And it was a pleasant scene enough to one who had a part in it, who was able to

miss? the truth bein' that ivery one calls ye Miss Kate, an' the policemen of this ward is gettin' up rather a ch'ice thing in Christmas cards to present to ye, come Christmas, because, if ye'll excuse the liberty, miss, they do regard you as be-longin' to the special police!"

I laughed, thanked him for the intended honor, which had been mentioned to me before, and gave him my card, not without a spasm of terror lest the entire police force should invade my dwelling.

The "baker lady" across the street caught my eye, smiled, and sent over a hot bun in a brown paper bag. The "grocery lady" called over in a clear, ringing tone, "Would you be so kind, 'm, as to step inside on your way 'bnd and fetch 'Enry a bit of work, 'm? 'Enry 'as the 'oopin' cough, 'em, and I don't know 'owever I'm going to keep 'im at 'omo another day, 'm, he pines for school so!"

I gave a nod which means, Certainly!

Mrs. Weiss appeared at her window above the grocery with a cloth wound about her head; appeared, and then vanished mysteriously. Very well, Mr. Weiss,—you know what to expect! I gave you fair warning last time, and I shall be as good as my word! Dear me! Is that—it can't be—yes, it is—a new McDonald baby at the saloon door! And there was such a superfluity of the McDonald clan before! One more wretched little human soul precipitated without a welcome into such a family circle as that!

It set me thinking, as I walked slowly back and toiled up the steps. "I suppose most people would call this a hard and monotonous life," I mused. "There is an eternal regularity in the succession of amusing and heart-breaking incidents, but it is not monotonous, for I am too close to all the problems that bother this workaday world,—so close that they touch me on every side. No missionary can come so near to these people. I am so close that I can feel the daily throb of my sympathy. Oh! it is work fit for a saviour of men, and what—what can I do with it?"

I sank into my small rocking-chair, and, clasping my arms over my head, bent it upon the table and closed my eyes.

The dazzling California sunshine streamed in at the western windows, touched the gold-fish globes with rosy glory, glittered on the brass bird-cages, flung a splendid halo round the meek head of the Madonna above my table, and poured a flood of grateful heat over my shoulders. The clatter of a tin pail outside the door, the uncertain turning of a knob by a hand too small to grasp it: "I forgitted my lunch bucket, 'n had to come back five blocks. Good-by, Miss Kate." (Kiss.) "Good-by, little man; run along." Another step, and a curly little red head pushes itself apologetically through the open door. "You never dave me buck my string and buzzer, Miss Kate." "Here it is; leave it at home to-morrow if you can, dear,—will you?"

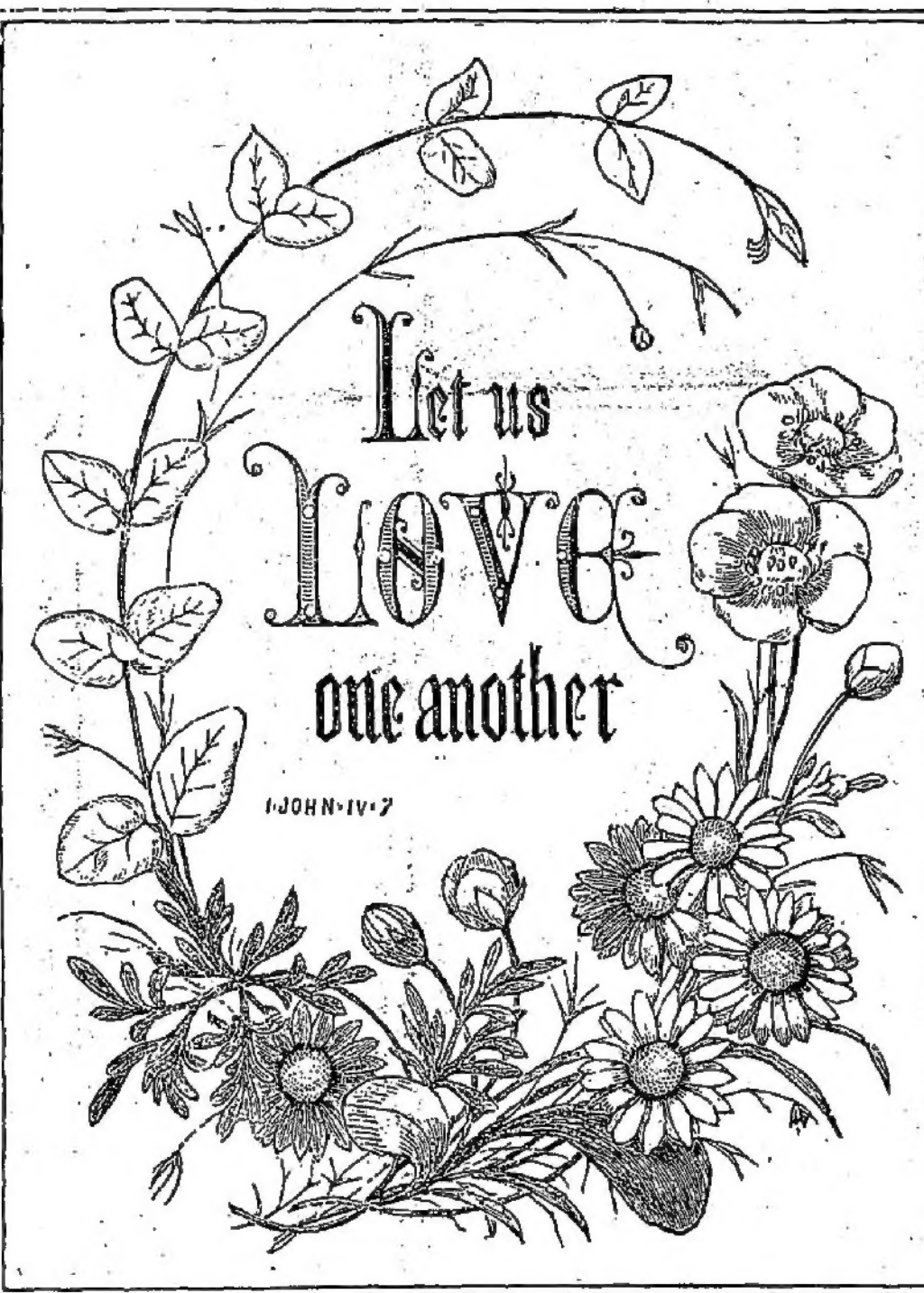
Silence again, this time continued and profound. Mrs. Weiss was evidently not coming to-day to ask me if she should give blow for blow in her next connubial fracas. I was thankful to be spared until the morrow, when I should perhaps have greater strength to attack Mr. Weiss, and see what I could do for Mrs. Pulaski's dropsy, and find a mourning bonnet and shawl for the Gabilondo's funeral and clothes for the new Higgins twins.

The events of the day march through my tired brain; so tired! so tired! and just a bit discouraged and sad too. Had I been patient enough with the children? Had I forgiven cheerfully enough the seventy-times-seven sins of omission and commission? Had I poured out the love—bountiful, disinterested, long-suffering—of which God shows us the measure and fullness? Had I—But the sun dropped lower and lower behind the dull brown hills, and exhausted nature found a momentary forgetfulness in sleep.

(To be Continued.)

HEREAFTER.

For God has marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long ago of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.
—William Cullen Bryant.



have been singing your morning hymn,—I thought you would get into trouble with it then. Now is it all right, Mike?—that's good! And Joe, don't go poking into other people's lunch baskets. If you hadn't done that, you silly boy," I philosophized whimsically for my own edification, "you would have been a victim; but you descended to the level of your adversary, and you are now simply another little rascal."

We walked down the quiet, narrow street to the corner,—a proceeding I had intended to omit that day, as it was always as exciting as an afternoon tea, and I did

care for simple people, who could be glad to see them happy, sorry to see them sad, and willing to live among them a part of each day, and bring a little sunshine and hope into their lives.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Donohue! All safely across?"

"All safe, miss! Sorry you troubled to come down, miss. I can be depended on for this corner, miss, an' ye niver need bother yerself about the children after ye've once turned 'em loose, miss. An' might I be so bold, seein' as how I might not have a better chance—would ye be so kind as to favor me with yer last name,

NEW EVERY MORNING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday is a part of forever.
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight;
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days
which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their
blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all harnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun, and to share with the morn
In the chime of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzle forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again!
—Selected.

THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

"When a 'ther babies are hushed to their hamm
By nunt, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Who stands last and lanely, an 'necbody curin'
Tis the pair doited loonie,—the mitherlies-
bairn!"

CHAPTER II.—PATSY COMES TO CALL.

Suddenly I was awakened by a subdued and apologetic cough. Starting from my nap, I sat bolt upright in astonishment, for quietly ensconced in a small red chair by my table, and sitting still as a mouse, was the weirdest apparition ever seen in human form. A boy, seeming—how many years old shall I say? for in some ways he might have been a century old when he was born—looking, in fact, as if he had never been young, and would never grow older. He had a shrunken, somewhat deformed body, a curious, melancholy face, and such a head of dust-colored hair that he might have been shocked for a door-mat. The sole redeemers of the countenance were two big, pathetic, soft, dark eyes, so appealing that one could hardly meet their glance without feeling instinctively in one's pocket for a biscuit or a ten-cent piece. But such a face! He had apparently made an attempt at a toilet without the aid of a mirror, for there was a clean circle like a race-track round his nose, which member reared its crest, untouched and grimy, from the centre, like a sort of judge's stand, while the dusky rim outside represented the space for audience seats.

I gazed at this astonishing diagram of a countenance for a minute, spellbound, thinking it resembled nothing so much as a geological map, marked with coal deposits. And as for his clothes, his jacket was ragged and arbitrarily doctored at the waist, while one of his trousers-legs was slit up at the side, and flapped hither and thither when he moved, like a lug-sail in a calm.

"Well, sir," said I at length, waking up to my duties as hostess, "did you come to see me?"

"Yes, I did."

"Let me think; I don't seem to remember; I am so sleepy. Are you one of my little friends?"

"No, I hain't yit, but I'm goin' to be."

"That's good, and we'll begin right now, shall we?"

"I knowed yer fur Miss Kate the minute I seen yer."

"How was that, eh?"

"The boys said as how you was a kind o' pretty lady, with towzly hair in front."

(Shades of my cherished curls!)

"I'm very much obliged to the boys."

"Kin yer take me in?"

"What? Here? Into the Kindergarten?"

"Yes; I bin waitin' this yer long whiles fur to git in."

"Why, my dear little boy," gazing du-

biously at his contradictory countenance, "you're too—big, arn't you? We have only tiny little people here, you know; not six years old. You're more, are n't you?"

"Well, I'm nine by the book; but I ain't more 'n skores six along o' my losing them three year."

"What do you mean, child? How could you lose three years?" cried I, more and more puzzled by my curious visitor.

"I lost 'em on the back stairs, don't yer know. My father he got fightin' mad when he was drunk, and pitched me down two flights of 'em, and my back was most clean broke in two, as I couldn't git out o' bed forever, till just now."

"Why, poor child, who took care of you?"

"Mother she minded me when she warn't out washin'."

"And did she send you here to-day?"

"Well! however could she, bein' as how she's dead? I s'posed you knowed that. She died after I got well; she only waited for me to git up, anyhow."

O God! these poor mothers! they bite back the cry of their pain, and fight death with love so long as they have a shred of strength for the battle!

"What's your name, dear boy?"

"Patsy."

"Patsy what?"

"Patsy nothin'! just only Patsy; that's all of it. The boys calls me 'Humpty Dumpty' and 'Rags,' but that's sassy."

for he hastened to add foot-notes to the original text.

"He's allers out o' work yer know, 'n he don't sleep ter home, 'n if yer want him yer have to hunt him up. He's real busy, now, though,—doin' fine."

"That's good. What does he do?"

"He marches with the workin' men's processions 'n hold banners."

"I see." The Labor Problem and the Chinese Question were the great topics of interest in all grades of California society just then. My mission in life was to keep the children of these marching and banner-holding laborers from going to destruction.

"And you haven't any father, poor little man!"

"Yer bet yer life I don't want no more father in mine. He knocked me down them stairs, and then he went off in a ship, and I don't go a cent on fathers! Say, is this a 'zamination?"

I was a good deal amused and should have felt a little rebuked, had I asked a single question from idle curiosity. "Yes, it's a sort of one, Patsy,—all the kind we have."

"And do I have to bring any red tape?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Jim said he bet 't would take an orful lot o' red tape t' git me in."

Here he withdrew with infinite trouble from his ragged pocket an orange, or at least the remains of one, which seemed to

She give her silk dress a swish to one side, so! and then she cocked her head over sideways like a bird, and then her hands, all jinglin' over with rings, went a-whizzin' up and down them black and white teeth just like sixty!"

"You know, Patsy, I can't bear to have my little Kindergarten boys stand around the saloon doors; it isn't a good place, and if you want to be good men you must learn to be good little boys first, don't you see?"

"Well, I wanted some kind of fun. I seen a cirkis' wunst,—that was fun! I seen it through a hole; it takes four bits to git inside the tent, and me an another feller found a big hole and went halveys on it. First he give a peek, and then I give a peek, and he was bigger 'n me, and he took orful long peeks, he did, 'nd when it come to my turn the ladies had just allers jumped through the hoops, or the horses was gone out; 'nd bimoby he said-mebbe we might give the hole a stretch and make it a little mite bigger, it wouldn't do no harm, 'nd I'd better cut it, 'cos his fingers was lame; 'nd I just cutted it a little mite, 'n a cop come up behind and h'istted us and I never seen no more cirkis; but I went to Sunday-school wunst, and it warn't so much fun as the cirkis!"

I thought I would not begin moral lectures at once, but seize a more opportune time to compare the relative claims of Sunday-school and circus.

"You've got things fixed up mighty handy here, have n't yer? It's most as good as Woodward's Gardens,—fishes—'nd c'nary birds—'nd flowers—'nd pictures—is there stories to any of 'em?"

"Stories to every single one, Patsy! We've just turned that corner by the little girl feeding chickens, and to-morrow we shall begin on that splendid dog by the window."

Patsy's face was absolutely radiant with excitement. "Jiminy! I'm glad I got in in time for that!—'nd ain't that a bear by the door thar?"

"Yes; that's a mother bear with cubs."

"Has he got a story too?"

"Everything has a story in this room."

"Jimmy! 'tis lucky I did n't miss that one! There's a splendid bear in a saloon on Fourth Street,—mebbe the man would leave him go a spell if you told him what a nice place you hed up here. Say, them fishes keep it up lively, don't they?—s'pose they're playin' tag?"

"I should n't wonder," I said smilingly; "it looks like it. Now, Patsy, I must be going home, but you shall come to-morrow, at nine o'clock surely, remember! and the children will be so glad to have another little friend! You'll dress yourself nice and clean, won't you?"

"Well, I should smile! but these is the best I got. I got another part to this hat, though, and another pocket belongs with these briches." (He alternated the crown and rim of a hat, but was never extravagant enough to wear them at one time.) "Ain't I clean? I cleaned myself by the feelin'!"

"Here's a glass, dear; how do you think you succeeded?"

"Jimmy! I did n't get much of a sweep on that, did I now? But don't you fret, I've got the lay of it now, and I'll just polish her off red-hot to-morrer, 'n don't you forget it!"

"Patsy, here's a warm bun and a glass of milk; let's eat and drink together, because this is the beginning of our friendship; but please don't talk street words to Miss Kate; she doesn't like them. I'll do everything I can to make you have a good time, and you'll try to do a few things to please me, won't you?"

Patsy looked embarrassed, ate his bit of bun in silence, and after twirling his hat-crown for a few seconds hitched out of the door with a backward glance and muttered remarks which must have been intended for farewell.

(To be Continued.)

DIFFERENT KINDS OF POLITENESS.

Some children can be very nice and polite when auntie or visitors are visiting at the house, but as soon as they are gone their good manners are gone. Their politeness did not spring from the heart, but from vanity and ambition to please.



"HERE'S AN ORANGE I BRUNG YER."

"But all little boys have another name, Patsy."

"Oh, I got another, if yer so deat set on it,—it's Dinnis,—but Jim says 't won't wash; 't ain't no 'count, and I would n't tell yer nothin' but a sure-pop name, and that's Patsy. Jim says lots of other fellers out to the 'ylum has Dinnis fur names, and they ain't worth shucks, nuther. Dinnis he must have had orful much boys, I guess."

"Who is Jim?"

"Him and I's brothers, kind o' brothers, not sure 'nuff brothers. Oh, I dunno how it is 'zactly,—Jim 'll tell yer. He dunno as I be, yer know, 'n he dunno but I be, 'n he's afeared to leave go o' me for fear I be. See?"

"Do you and Jim live together?"

"Yes, we live at Mis' Kennett's. Jim swipes the grub; I build the fires 'n help cook 'n wipe dishes for Jim when I ain't sick, 'n I mind Mis' Kennett's babies right along,—she most allers has new ones 'n she gives me my lunch for doin' it."

"Is Mrs. Kennett nice and kind?"

"O-h, yes; she's orful busy, yer know, 'n won't stand no foolin'."

"Is there a Mr. Kennett?"

"Sometimes there is, 'n most allers there ain't."

My face by this time was an animated interrogation point. My need of explanation must have been hopelessly evident,

have been fiercely dwelt with by circumstances.

"Here's an orange I brung yer! It's been skwuz some, but there's more in it."

"Thank you, Patsy." (Forced expression of radiant gratitude.) "Now, let us see! You want to come to the Kindergarten, do you, and learn to be a happy little working boy? But oh, Patsy, I'm like the old woman in the shoe, I have so many children I don't know what to do."

"Yes, I know. Jim knows a boy what went here wunst. He said yer never licked the boys; and he said, when the 'nifty' little girls come to git in, with their white aprons, yer said there warn't no room; but when the dirty chaps with tored close come, yer said yer'd make room. Jim said as how yer'd never show me the door, sure." (Bless Jim's heart!)

"P'raps I can't come every day, yer know, 'cos I might have fits."

"Fits! Good gracious, child! What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I has 'em" (composedly). "I kicks the footboard clean off when I has 'em bad, all along o' my losin' them three year! Why, yer got an orgind, haith' yer? Where's the handle fur to make it go? Couldn't I blow it for yer?"

"It's a piano, not an organ; it doesn't need blowing."

"Oh, yes, I see one in a saloon; I seen such an orful pretty lady play on one."

